AN ELEGIE

On the DEATH of that

Learned and Pious Divine

Mr JOHN GIBBON,

Late Minister of St *Anne Black-Friers*, London.

NOt that I think my rude unpolisht Verse
A meet *Encomium* for this Noble Herse,
This trifle my oblig'd affection paies,
The proof, more of my Pen'ry, than his Praise.
Whilst others, who are Learned, sacrifice
From their abundant Ingenuities:
I With my Mite, (according to my Sphere)
Bring an Oblation of poor Camels hair.
So Pepper cornes are Tribute to expres
A Homage due, not their own Worthiness.

You who are Artists, and have wit at will,
(Matter adequate, and proportion'd skill,
To the fair Subject) build a Monument
High (if you can) as the miraculous Saint.
To let succeeding Generations see
His wonders, and admire as well as we.

In vain you toyl, if this you think to do,
Unless you can be *Gibbon*-hearted too.
Thus to commence his Poet in degree,
Requireth more than single Sophistry.
Were there a Constellation of Wit
Met in Conjunction, there were need of it,
To draw the Pourtrait of his frailer Glory,
But there needs more to reach his upper Story.
To say how good he was, how truly great,
How meek, how generous, how kindly sweet,
How much of Heaven compriz'd in single man,
How real and how rare a Christian,
And to do Justice to his Piety,
Would even pose an University.
To say how he did act, how he did teach,
How he did in Seraphick manner preach,
How he did Blessedness anticipate,
By living here at a triumphant Rate,
How he did seem a torrid Zone of Zeal,
Which he employ'd not to enflame but heal,
How he had Faith, which conquered by the Word
More of the world than *Cæsar* by his Sword,
How he did love without dissimulation,
How he did all things to Edification.
This is an undertaking only fit
For the Divine and Evangelick Wit
Of a blest *Herbert*; common, slighter stile
Will not exalt, but his great Name defile:
Some such inspir'd one take the task, and be
The Herald of his so vast Exc'llency,
In such sad and pathetick Accents shew
The doleful portent of this publick Blow,
As may make stupid Rocks relent, and move
A sorrow as extensive, as his Love;
Which was not limited, but did extend
To the whole world an universal Friend.

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Mr JOHN GIBBON,

Late Minister of St Dunstans in the East, London.

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July 14, 1932

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While others, who are Learned, sacrifice
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Bring an Oblation of poor Camels hair.
So Pepper corns are Tribute to expels
A Homager due, not their own Worthiness.
You who are Mighty, and have wit at will,
(Matter adequate, and proportion'd skill,
To the fair Subject) build a Monument
High (if you can) as the miraculous Saint.
To let succeeding Generations see
His Wonders, and admire as well as we.
In vain you toyl in this you think to do,
Unless you can be Gibbon-learned too.
Thus to commence [illegible]
Requires [illegible]
Were there a Cam[illegible]
Met in Conjunction, [illegible]
To draw the Pourtrait of his truest Glory,
But there needs more to reach his upper Story.
To say how good he was, how truly great,
How meek, how generous, how kindly Sweet,

How he did learn a torrid Zone of Zeal,
Which he employ'd not to inflame but heal,
How he had Faith, which conquered by the Word
More of the World than Ca[illegible]r by his Sword,
How he did love without dissimulation,
How he did all things to Edification.
This is an undertaking only fit
For the Divine and Evangelick Wit
Of a bleft Barclay; common, illiterate Pens
Will not exalt, but the great Name defile:
Some such inspired one take the task, and be
The Herald of his so valt Excellency,
In such Fit and patheticK Accents shew
The doleful portents of this publick Blow,
As may make flinty Rocks relent, and move
A sorrow as extensive, as his Love;
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To the whole world as universal Friend.